

Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,
VOLUME LII.

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THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
VOLUME XI.

VOL. IV.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1888.

NO. 17

REFRESHED.—Bro. S. B. Kempion has returned from his trip much refreshed. He writes that he feels ten years younger. Churches can make no more paying outlay than in giving their hard-worked pastors the means to take a real vacation. Our readers will be much interested in Bro. Kempion's letter of this week.

GRAND GIVING.—The Presbyterians of the United States have just closed their ecclesiastical year. The Home Mission Board may well be jubilant. The total contributions for home evangelization reaches the grand sum of \$785,527. This is \$130,000 more than the highest record in the past. This fine result has been due, largely, to the pushing of systematic beneficence. If we can ever get our people to give systematically and regularly, similar results might be attained.

MANTONA.—Bro. Best, General Missionary of the Baptist Convention of Manitoba and the North-west, reports that ten fields have assumed the cost of missionaries for five months, during the summer, with the exception of \$200 granted by the Board. This means that the fields pledge to raise an average of \$280 each. This is a fine showing, and proves that the scattered Baptists of this wide country are worthy of help, because they are ready to help themselves. There are fields everywhere, which only require the helping hand to develop them into strong churches, in a short time.

AMERICAN BAPTIST ANNIVERSARIES.—The Watchman has arranged for a special excursion train to accommodate those who wish to go to the Baptist May Meetings, to be held at Washington, beginning May 16. The train will start from the Old Colony Depot, Boston, at 6 p. m., Monday, May 14. The cost of the trip from Boston to Washington and return is only \$12, the ticket being good up to the 25th, from New York. For \$14.50, a ticket can be had to go by other trains, and good up to the 28th, from Washington, and to the 31st from New York. The Southern Baptist Convention meets at Richmond, the week before the anniversary of the Northern Baptists at Washington. Tickets to this Convention, with privilege to come back to Washington to the meetings there, can be had for \$19.50, good from May 9th. The cost of board at Washington is all the way from \$1 to \$5, per day. Any of our pastors who may wish to go to these great gatherings, should correspond with C. S. Parr, Watchman Office, Boston.

JUDGE DEWOLFE'S REPLY.—We are very much obliged that anything so personal as the dispute between Judge De Wolfe and F. D. D. should have found a place in the MESSANGER AND VISITOR. F. D. D.'s first communication was published because it was supposed to be altogether accurate. Judge De Wolfe's rejoinder was given place because it seemed to correct some misapprehension into which F. D. D. had fallen; and because it was thought only fair that the Salvation Army should have the benefit of a favorable estimate of them. F. D. D.'s second communication (although it evinced a little over-sensitiveness) had to have place; because it gave a reason for the statements which the Judge had challenged. And now the Judge's very long letter of to-day cannot but be inserted, for a similar reason. So the matter has grown. We wish this to be understood, however, unless there be reasons we do not now perceive—a letter from F. D. D., if he desire to send one, must end the dispute. We may add, the affidavits of several responsible parties attesting to the correctness of a statement, would be well indeed, in our estimation. Neither is a man to be blamed if he shall secure corroboration of his statement when it has been challenged.

STILL IN DANGER.—A few weeks ago, we published a clipping from a Seventh Day Adventist paper, in which Bro. McCready gave a terrific picture of what he thinks will happen to the editor of the MESSANGER AND VISITOR, because he can not see his way clear to accept the Seventh Day Adventist view. The following is a clipping from the Ottawa correspondent of the Watchman. It refers to what has appeared in the MESSANGER AND VISITOR, sent to the Salvation Army:

But to return to the Salvation Army work. And as I understand the Bible, work of "fruit" is the end and the only proof of faith. I make it that Christ's test is correct, universal, and the only test: "By their fruits ye shall know them." Has God used the S. A. to convert sinners? I believe the man who denies it will, in all places where they have been, be regarded as a fool. And I say he is worse! He stands where those men, stood who said, "He casteth out devils through Balaam the prince of the devils." God help them. I don't care if they are presbyters. They have better mind or they will "preach" through all eternity. (See "Let there be Hell.")

What a wonderful age this is in which we live! We are getting beyond the charity of the Bible, altogether. If the apostle Paul lived to-day, what lectures he would get, if there were any Judaic

teachers to rebuke. He would be told they were very sincere, and, though they had some errors, they were doing some good. Therefore, do not seek to warn men against their false teaching or practices, lest you be thrust down to hell. Our Saviour, too, might come in for a share of flippant censure. Did he not say, "Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven," while those, in these superior days who ignore his commands to be baptized and to partake of his Supper, who have few good words, even to say of the organization he has ordained, must not have any of their errors pointed out, on pain of the terrors of the lost. If some of the men of the wondrous charity of this age had written the closing words of Revelation, they would have couched it something in this form: "If any man shall say a word against adding to these things, may God add unto him the plagues written in this book; and if any man shall say anything against the taking away from the words of the book of this prophecy, may God take away his name out of the book of life." For ourselves, we intend, in all loyalty to God and in all good-will to men, to uphold truth and put down error so far as we can, and run our chances. Of course God has used the Salvation Army to convert sinners. He has used Unitarians, doubters, and Romanists to do so likewise; we are not sure he has not used Satan to convert hosts of souls. If we are to say nothing against the errors of those whom God uses to save souls, error will be left to run its course unopposed. While we commend the Army for its stand against rum and tobacco, and for its zeal, we shall continue to protest against its unscriptural organization, its almost contemptuous refusal to conform to Christ's recognized commands in reference to the ordinances, its irrelevant methods, and to the errors in its teachings and their general superficiality. For the form of charity (?) which will let error run riot, and which reserves its censure for those who wish to preserve the truth in its purity, we have no better feeling than a wondering contempt.

STRANGE DOCTRINE.—The Presbyterian Witness, in answer to a question, remarks: "It is well to remember that according to Presbyterian principles the children of Christian parents are holy and are within the visible church; and that by baptism this is recognized. When they come to years of discretion their love to Christ will show itself in a public profession. Presbyterian ministers do not administer baptism to the infants of those who are not professing Christians. If they ever do it must be under peculiar circumstances. There are circumstances which justify the baptism of the children of unbelievers—for example, the adoption of the child by a Christian family.

What does our contemporary mean by the children of believers being holy? Evidently he thinks their moral state different from that of the children of unbelievers, for he assumes it will make them love Christ, when they come to years of maturity, and declare that love by a public profession. But what can this changed moral state be? The New Testament knows of but two states, the regenerate and the unregenerate. As they are not in the state of the children of godless parents, who must be confessed to be the unregenerate, they must be in a regenerate state. So far so good; the teaching of our contemporary seems plain. But while his meaning may be plain, its consistency with scripture teaching is not so easy to see. We make no question our contemporary cannot abide the idea that the regenerate life is less than that eternal life of the soul which cannot be lost. If this be so, then, it must follow that all children of Christian parents must continue in a regenerate and saved state. Not only so, but the children of these and all the generations following must continue to be born in or into a regenerate state. The new birth follows the line of the natural descent from regenerate ancestors.

Now does this not all smack very strongly of Judaism? Is it not the very antipodes of Christianity? John was wrong when he said that regeneration was not of blood—natural descent. Our Lord was wrong when he said to Nicodemus, who had the idea similar to that of our contemporary, that natural descent, in his case from Abraham, would give him a right to the kingdom of heaven: "Except a man is born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God"; for here, in our day, are any number of descendants of Christian parents, just as Nicodemus was a descendant of Abraham, who are born in this regenerate state—are born members of this kingdom and have a right to membership in its visible embodiment. Our Lord could not now say, therefore, "If a man—say man, An."

But this is not all. In communities where there have been Christian ancestors, it will no longer be fitting to preach, according to the terms of the great commission, "He that believeth and is

baptized, shall be saved." People will only need to examine their family record, and if they find they have an unbroken descent from Christian ancestors, they will understand they are saved without faith, or that they must possess faith because already saved.

Now all this, to us, appears not only out of all keeping with scripture teaching, it is most pernicious. The truth is, in order to sustain the unscriptural tent of infant baptism, resort is had to the Old Testament, to make it override the teachings of the New. While infant baptism has no place in the New Testament, it is said it is to be accepted because infants were in the Jewish covenant and received circumcision. Then it is attempted to make the Christian church conform to the idea of the Jewish nation, with whom the old covenant of circumcision had to do. In order, therefore, to support infant baptism, the baptism of the New Testament must not only be set aside, so that, were the idea of infant baptism carried out, it would not be heard of more; but we are to believe that children come into the kingdom of heaven by birth from parents rather than by direct birth from God, the way of salvation by faith is to be set aside for salvation by descent from Christian ancestors, the teaching that all come into the world with a sinful nature is to be overthrown, and the church, instead of being a company of men and women who have accepted Christ from heart choice, is to be composed of all who have had an unbroken descent from some Christian ancestors, whatever the world Christian may here mean. Is it any wonder we, as Baptists, feel we have a high and holy mission, and that we are earnest against a practice which carries such subversions of doctrine with it?

By Wheel and By Keel.

NO. VI.

BY WHEEL.

Through Mormonia we pass to the crest of the Toano, the western rim of the great Utah Basin, and dip down over the Goosote Hills, the eastern rim of the greater Nevada Basin, which with its 100,000 miles of area sweeps sheer across to the Sierras, 400 miles as the train flies. If our eyes were "double million magnifying" gas microscopes of hestrapower and could pierce the curtains of sleep, the halo of dreams, the shades of night and the mists of distaste and other more substantial obstructions, we would behold stretching away from the coastward a gently declining slope corrugated by many low ranges of mountains which, with a general northerly and southerly trend, recede in parallel and slowly subiding undulations. At the foot of this terraced slope, which comprises the eastern two-thirds of the State would be visible, the Basin bottom, or Nevada Desert, a broad, hilly level, if I may so speak, of sand and lava, which with a diameter of perhaps a hundred miles, extends north to Oregon and south far into Arizona. Beyond the Desert we would make out another shorter slope rising somewhat abruptly and merging in the Sierras, the western rim of the Basin.

Wednesday morning broke clear and crisp, and all day long we rejoiced in the bluest skies and the yellowest sunshine. The transit of Nevada in the heat and drought of dog-days, when the air is filled with dust swept up from the sun-burnt hills and charred plains, is no holiday trip, but on a fresh, cool, dustless November day every moment was delightful. On no part of our journey had we been more interested and charmed, not even by the historic Potomac, or among the grandeur of Wyoming. Railway travel is often like a visit to a museum where such a host of objects, new, various, strange, unexpected, clamor for notice that the mind is confused and irritated. Hills, valleys, rivers, lakes, oceans, cliffs; heights, depths, breadths, shapes, hues, stream by in bewildering succession, until the eyes ache and the head swims. But the scenery across Nevada has that kindly uniformity which soothes the mind, while it has also that gentle gradation and slow modification of lines and tones which keep it agreeably interested.

This is true not only of the more prominent features of the landscape, the terraces of hills slowly declining to the Desert, but of the soil and vegetation. In eastern Nevada there is evidence of considerable fertility. Timber of some value adorns some of the slopes, and through the valleys run ribbons of good meadow land. Sage-brush indeed grows luxuriantly, but the more profitable bunch-grass is common. The country is full of cattle and sheep. Large flocks of the latter are seen from time to time huddled timidly together against the side of a hill, while the train passes. Perhaps 500,000 head of cattle graze in the upper part of the valley of the Humboldt, which we follow from the Goosote Hill to the Desert. From Elko, half way down the valley, where daylight greeted us, this fertility gradually dimin-

ished. The meadows become fewer and narrower, the grass retreats more and more before the harder sage-bush, the timber and scrubby dwarfed, the soil has a gravelly look. Then the sage-bush itself shows signs of weakening, more and more the sand and alkali rake way against it, till at last only a few straggling clusters appear, presenting a precarious existence, and presently there is no stain of verdure, nor solitary spray of silvery sage, we are in the Desert indeed.

This Humboldt River, with which, as with the other water-courses along the way, the railroad has made chums, is a characteristic Nevada stream, and should receive due courtesy and attention as we pursue its windings. It is by far the chief river of the State, draining, with its tributaries, the entire northeastern portion. What the St. John is to western New Brunswick, what the Saskatchewan is to the new North-West, that, and more, is the Humboldt to Nevada. Some of the scenery along its banks is especially picturesque. Here, the hills fall away on either side, and the pleasant valley smiling between, like a girl between two sweet-hearts, is dotted with the ranches of the cattle kings, and the troops of his humble subjects, while far away to the north beyond the low intervening ranges, may be seen the blue line of the mountains of Idaho. Here, again, the bluffs draw close together, and bend their brows over the stream, as at Twelve Mile Canyon, through which we passed early in the forenoon. In this canyon are the famous "Palisades of the Humboldt," where the waters rush angrily through deep gorges, while above stand steep, scarped walls of dead brown rock, with a finely rigid and austere aspect.

The river, a bright, clear stream has been gathering volume under our eyes. Every valley has sent down its glittering reinforcements. But from the Palisades the waters are slowly washed by the extreme aridity of the soil and the air, and the current which finally falls into Humboldt Lake, 350 miles from the source of the river, is much weaker than that which roared through Twelve Mile Canyon. Humboldt is one of a chain of three lakes bound across the Truckee or Nevada Desert. These lakes receive two large rivers into their bosom, the Humboldt with the waters of the eastern ranges, and the Carson with the waters of the Sierras on the west, but no outlet appears. Rather, the surface of each lake is one immense outlet. The evaporation during the hotter months has been found to be six inches in a day. In winter the rivers gain on the sun, and the three lakes disappear in one expanse of water, eighty miles long; but when the dog-star glows the sun gains on the rivers, and stretches of ten or fifteen miles of sand intervene between the different pools. All the streams of the Nevada and Utah Basins meet a like melancholy fate. They either fall into dead seas, like Salt Lake and Lake Sevier in Utah, and Ruby, Winnemucca, Humboldt and Carson Lakes in Nevada, or gradually dwindle and perish in the desert. Like the candle of nursery conundrums "the longer they live the smaller they grow." There is a useful moral lying along here somewhere, as to the fate of the currents of our intellectual and spiritual life if we suffer them to flow too long amid arid surroundings. This moral the reader is hereby exhorted to work out for himself, to meet his own circumstances.

Another odd feature of this intro-montal region, to which our attention is occasionally directed, is its springs, found singly or in clusters beside, or near the railway. Hot springs, which undertake to boil an egg in two minutes; cold springs, as icy as snow water in March; placid springs, with surface still as a mirror; energetic springs, puffing and wheezing as though possessed with the asthma, and shooting up columns of spray and steam. We are not, of course, entertained with anything so reckless as the Geysers of Iceland, or even the California Geysers, a hundred miles, more or less, north from San Francisco. Concerning these latter, I may let the Guide Book speak. "Here are over two hundred mineral springs, the waters of which are hot, cold, sweet, sour, iron, soda, alum, sulphur well, you should be suited with the varieties of sulphur! There is white sulphur and black sulphur, yellow sulphur and red sulphur, and how many more sulphurs, deponent saith not. But, if there are any other kinds wanted, and they are not to be seen, call for them, they are there, together with all kinds of contending elements, roaring, thundering, hissing, bubbling, spouting and steaming, with a smell that would disgust any Chinese 'dinner party.'"

Our modest ambitions, however, are quite satisfied with the milder varieties of springs that occur along the road. If any reader is making a private collection of natural curiosities, and has a cabinet labelled "Springs," we can cheerfully recommend this region to his notice. The Humboldt wells, for instance, which we passed before daybreak, he would find a

valuable acquisition. A little off the track, are about twenty pools of water, of a circular form, and six feet or so in diameter; around each stands a fringe of tall grass, the sheltering shades of these deep clear eyes of the wilderness. No plummet can discover their bottom, and they are supposed to be the craters of long superannated volcanoes. Here, and at Thousand Spring Valley, more to the north-east, the old time emigrant, spent with the heat and toil of the Utah Basin, pitched his tent to recruit before facing the Nevada-Desert, as Israel of yore encamped beside the Twelve Springs of Elim.

Another worthy addition to this cabinet of fountains, would be made at Hot Spring Valley, below the Palisades. The springs themselves cannot be seen from the train, being about eight miles off to the south, but the steam from them, when they are really in session, is plainly visible. There are about a hundred, all told—hot and sulphurous deeps. They are intermittent, like the piety of a second rate Christian. After an uncertain period of elegant leisure, the signal is given to clear the decks for action. Gentle puffs of steam escape, followed presently by jets of vapor and spray thirty feet in height, while the air smells as strong of sulphur as though a gang of Michigan lumbermen had been talking politics.

If there remains a vacancy in the collection, the curiosity hunter will do well to go on as far as Hot Springs Station, in the Truckee Desert, near which, are also the Salt Springs, which yield a car-load of salt a day.

There is a tradition of a Dutch Emigrant, who in his search for water, lighted upon one of the intermittent springs just described. It was of duty then, and lay as placid and smiling as a baby during a fit of the colic. As he knelt to make his thirst in its clear waters, a column of spray leaped suddenly upon him from the depths; he fled in headlong terror, shouting to his friends to escape for their lives, and stayed not upon the order of his going, till he was well away from so uncanny a spot.

But the real glory and wonder of Nevada yet awaits our eyes.

CHAS. HARRINGTON.

Yokohama, Mar. 9, '88.

Missionaries on Touring.

NO. VII.

At Poona you are one hundred and twenty miles from the sea and more than two thousand feet above it. After riding forty miles on the plateau you begin to descend the Ghats. The wild mountain scenery is worth a long journey to see. For an hour and a half the distance travelled is only seventeen miles, on a heavy down grade, the greatest being one in thirty-seven. Various stops are made to cool the wheels heated by friction with the brakes. The train passes through twenty-six tunnels piercing the hardest basalt, and from a few rods to half a mile in length, across viaducts spanning ravines of great width and depth, often along what is simply a great notch out in the face of a precipice, and you tremble to look down on the depths below. Finally you run down a spur thrown out from the main range and are once more on level ground. This road over the Ghats required the labor of seven years, with sometimes as many as forty thousand laborers employed upon it at one time.

On the Bombay side of the mountains we soon see that we are in a land of the southwest monsoons, and it would not be difficult to suppose we were once more in Burma. Vegetation is more abundant, and even the oaks and buffaloes have a Burma look. On and on we rush, and at length begin to pass through or into Bombay, one of the greatest cities in the British Empire. Great cotton factories, warehouses, stores, hundreds of European and native houses are passed, but we go on and on. At length we enter the Victoria Station and our journey across India ends. It would be easy to suppose we had entered some great western city. This station, some say the finest in the world, and we know nothing to the contrary, is elegant in every respect. Pillars of polished granite of various hues, carvings, frescoes, abound. This magnificent structure cost thirty-two lakhs of rupees, or nearly a million and a half dollars. To understand the cost compared with America the greater cheapness of material and labor in India must be taken into account. At one end, in the midst of a garden of flowers and shrubbery, a statue of Her Majesty will shortly be unveiled. It is easy to believe that of very hundred rupees earned by the Great India Peninsula Railway Company ninety-five are used for running expenses.

Bombay far surpasses our expectations, in its size and the magnificence of its buildings, public and private. The University and Telegraph buildings, Post Office, etc., would do honor to any city in the world; and the residence of the wealthy, both European and native, are palatial. It seems

to be the meeting place of the Orient and Occident, and contains a most heterogeneous population. We are much interested in one class of people, the Parsees, of whom about fifty thousand are found in Bombay and nowhere else in India, except a few in adjacent towns. They are descendants of the ancient Persians, by whom the Jews were carried into captivity. Their forefathers were driven from their own land, more than twelve hundred years ago, by the merciless followers of Mohammed, and settled in Western India. In religion they are followers of Zoroaster, the philosopher of Persia, and are fire-worshippers, but regard the other elements—air, earth and water, with almost equal reverence. There are in this city thirty-three fire-temples, where the people assemble for worship, besides nine fire-temples kept by wealthy families. The sacred fire in each is carefully tended by a priest, who also recites prayers of a prescribed form. Their manner of disposing of their dead is peculiar, and, to us, exceedingly revolting. They can neither commit them to the flames, the earth, nor the water, for these elements would thereby be contaminated. They, therefore, place them inside of open towers, called Towers of Silence, and to be devoured by vultures. On a hill outside the city are five such towers. They are circular in form, and each is thirty hundred feet in circumference, and built about fifteen feet above the surface of the ground. In the centre of the tower is a great pit or well one hundred feet in circumference and forty feet deep, all paved with stone and cement. From the bottom of this well three large drains are made sloping downwards, and leading to other wells still deeper. These drains are filled with charcoal and other disinfectants. The object of these is to purify the water from the central well into which the bones fall after the flesh has been removed, "that mother earth be not defiled." The floor of the tower, a few feet below the top, inclines downwards towards the well in the centre. On this the bodies are placed, and down it is usually washed by the rain whatever is left after the birds have done their work.

We went, with a few friends, one afternoon, to see this strange kind of sepulchre. As we tarried in a beautiful garden, near the gate on our way out, a funeral procession arrived. The body, wrapped in white, was carried by four, and followed by about fifty men, all clad in flowing white robes. Each two in the procession held between them a white handkerchief, "the cord of sympathy," and after reaching the gate not a word was spoken, hence the name of the towers. As they approached one of the towers, the vultures from all sides gathered to do their part. We were glad to turn away from this strange scene and hasten to our carriages.

A few Parsees have been converted to Christianity, among whom is an esteemed Baptist minister, Rev. Hormusji, now in the employ of the English Baptist Mission. We had much pleasure in meeting him and his interesting family at Poona. He was converted nearly fifty years ago, in a mission school of the Free Church of Scotland, and united with that body. Subsequently he was engaged as a Professor of Oriental languages, in King's College, London. He was led to examine the subject of believer's baptism by a sermon preached by Mr. Spurgeon, and was baptized by the late Rev. Baptist Noel. Twelve years ago he returned to this country as a missionary, and labors mostly among the Mahatras, whose language, as well as several other Indian dialects, he speaks fluently.

The Baptists of Bombay are a small body. They have a commodious house of worship, in a thickly populated locality. Their pastor, Rev. W. Bell, is a most estimable man and a fine preacher, but his congregation is very small. Like most English Baptists, they practice what is called open communion. It is not unusual for Mr. Bell to baptize persons who wish to unite with pedobaptist churches; feeling that he should not refuse them the privilege of obeying the Lord, so far as they understand.

My letter is already too long. We sail to-morrow by the P. and O. Steamer "Peshawar" for Suva, thence to Cairo. H. M.

Bombay, Feb. 23, '88.

In *The American Magazine* for May William Elroy Curtis will begin a series of illustrated articles on "The Oldest American Cities." The first paper will deal largely with Carthage, which was the first city founded on the continent, although several colonies had previously been established on the nearby islands and a fortress had been built at Panama. The city became the rendezvous of the Spanish galleons that went to South America for treasure, and consequently a most tempting field for pirates. Incidents in relation to these, together with descriptions of the large churches, palaces and other buildings, afford great scope for an article of this character, and Mr. Curtis has taken full advantage of the opportunity.